To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe att one,
Who now reprou'dſt me for it.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud frō my cheeks
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to reliefe them,
I thought it princely charity to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to (ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare
And iuſtly to I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go trauel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be,

Per. I do not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. We'le mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*,
Intend my trauayle, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith not aſke thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this trueth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince, *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue hee was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aſke what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets.

Now doe I ſee he had ſome reaſon for't: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, With other Lords.

Hell. You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with me, does ſpeake ſufficiently hees gone to trauayle.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenced of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you, being at *Antioch*?

Tha. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I know not, tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudg'd ſo: and doubting leaſt he had errd or ſinnde, to ſhew his ſorrow, hee'de correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whome each minute threathens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hangd now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcapt the Land to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

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